

The History of

As they are skaring, the Prince & Poyne

Prin. Your money. } set upon them, they all run away, and Fal-

Poyne. Villaines. } staffe after a blow or two, runs away too,
leaving the booty behind them.

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theues
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare
not meete each other, each take his fellow for an officer: away
good Ned, Falstaffe sweats to death, and lards the leane earth as
he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pittie him.

Poy. How the rogne roard!

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented
to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be conuented, why is he not then? in respect of the
loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his owne
barne better then he loues our house. Let mee see some more.

The purpose you undertake, is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to
drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger
we pluckt this flower safety.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you na-
med uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole
plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so? I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow
cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the
Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was layd, our friend true
and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation,
an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty-spirited
rogue is this? why my L. of Yorke commends the plot, and the
generall course of the action. Zounds and I were now by this
rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Faune. Is there not my
father my vnckle, and my selfe, L. Edmond Mortimer, my L. of
Yorke, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas?
haue I not all their letters to meete mee in Armes by the ninth
of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward
already? What a Pagan rascall is this and Infidell? Ha, you shall
see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the
King,

Henry the 4

King, and lay open all our processe
selfe, and goe to buffets, for moue
with so honourable an action. Ha
we are prepared. I will set forward
How now Kate, I must leaue you

Lady. O my good Lord, why art thou
For what offence haue I this for
A banisht woman from my Har
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy g
Why dost thou bend thine eyes
And start so often when thou sit
Why hast thou lost the fresh bl
And giuen my treasures and my
To thicke-eyd musing, and curli
In my faint slumbers, I by thee w
And heard thee murmur tales o
Speake tearmes of mannage to
Cry courage to the field: And t
Of sallies; and retires, trenches,
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapet
Of basilisks, of cannon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of sou
And all the current of a headdy
Thy spirit within thee hath been
And thus hath so besturd thee in
That beds of sweat haue stood
Like bubbles in a late disturbed
And in thy face strange motions
Such as we see when men restrai
On some greet sudden haste. O wh
Some heauy businesse hath my L
And I must know it, else he loues

Hot. What ho, is Gulliams wit

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre

Hot. Hath Butler brought th

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he b

Hot. What Horse? a Roane, a